

Milton's Sublimity Asserted:

IN A

POEM.

Occasion'd by a late

CELEBRATED PIECE,

ENTITLED,

Cyder, a Poem ;

In Blank VERSE,

By PHIL O-MILTON.

*Pastores kederâ crescentem ornatæ Poetam
Arcades, invidiâ rumpantur ut ilia Codro.*

Virg. Buc. Ecl. 7.

L O N D O N :

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

CONsidering the Proverb, That *Too much Mettle is dangerous in a blind Mare*; when the fam'd Author of that idoliz'd piece, *CYDER, A POEM*, first mounted upon the back of *Ambition*, his chieftest Care should have been to secure the Reins; for I remember the old Jocky *Seneca* says, *Habet hoc vitium omnis Ambitio, non respicit.*

I do not think there is any Work extant, that hath alarm'd the World more

A 2

than

than his; and bin I may say, some years, so much the talk and hopes of the Publick; especially those under his own *Meridian*; Nor indeed has it fail'd in giving great Satisfaction, being generally caref-
fed with that fondness, which almost de-
serves the Name of *Dotage*: Though the Success is not so wonderful, if we be-
lieve the Poet, That

Expectation makes the Blessing dear.

And if we observe, It had not only the Advantage of being introduc'd under the Umbrage of *Milton*; but came also flying upon the Wings of *Fame*; not to mention the many *Heroes* who were summoned to defend it.

Wherein all its Beautys consist, is not obvious, I dare presume, to every Reader; It being in many places made Artificially dark, to prevent every common Understanding from peeping into the Bottom of it; but such is the Genius of this Age, to admire *Name* and *Novelty*,
That

The Preface.

V.

That they have now raised the Author to the highest Class in the *Muses* School ; Nor will he need any future *Apotheosis*, to immortalize his Name, as long as *CYDER A POEM*, lies securely bound in Sheeps-skin ; For we may take notice, That notwithstanding he falls so far short, both of the *Diction*, and *Harmony* of *Milton* ; yet he is address'd with the Title of being his *Poetical Son*, as *Milton* was of *Spencer*, tho' there indeed the *Son* exceeded the *Father*, and the Copy outshone the Original : But however, there are, I make no question, who breaking out into Wonderful *Interjections* ; disdain not to say, he was Out-vied by them both ; and this is easily conjectur'd, when we find some Persons have so far *Apostatiz'd* to Worship him, as the *Numen Commune*, even in C—fts C—ch ; whilst others have sung his *Nugæ Canoræ* about, as the *Grecians* did the Works of *Homer*, at their Village Feasts.

Now

vi. *The Preface.*

Now I would not be thought fond of traducing his Performance, any farther than I could compel his Humility to acknowledge, how much he has fallen short of *Milton*; and what he stands Indebted to *Virgil* for his many Embellishments; who has been all along the Prop of his Fancy, and whom he as carefully follows, as a Blind Man does his Dog in a String; So that *Invention* which is one of the greatest Blessings to a Poet, is not so peculiarly his *Talent*.

As for the professing himself a *Votary* to *Milton's* Muse, I greatly fear he will be Superanuated, before he can attain to his Proficiency, for by a little Comparison we soon may find a Difference; Nor can I think the best Doctor of *Musick* round the *Theatre*, will affirm their being tuned in *Unison*; and therefore without much Offence he may be Challeng'd in the Words of *Menalcas* to *Damætas*.

be deterr'd from the Experiment, I dare warrant, upon putting a certain *Knight* of my acquaintance into his next Poem, that he will undertake to restore his Eyes, although they should rowl in vain for twenty years together; But to proceed between our Author and *Virgil*.

Mr. *Sheepwash* being one of a profound penetration observes; That the *Cut* before the Title Page of the *Anonymous* Book upon *Cyder*, being the very same with that placed before the second *Georgic* of *Virgil*, intimates something of a Design, that the *Author* would insinuate his, to bear the same Name; whereas (says he) it being baptized *Miltonian Verse*, The *Sculpture* before *Paradise lost* had been more proper; and then the most Judicious Mr. *Sheepwash* very smartly took notice, That there were no *Apples* upon *Esq*; *Virgil's* Trees, but *Oak-Apples*; Nor could I persuade, him they made the best *Cyder*; but however, to excuse the Matter as well as I could; I inform'd him that the *Author*
(it

(it might be) was a very bashful Gentleman, and could not endure to see the Picture of *Eve* Naked, without falling into a Fit; And then said I; The Devil said I; Crawling, said I; under one of the Apple-Trees, said I; was a Sight too odious and intollerable, for the Eyes of a Righteous Man; and as for the Tree of *Knowledge*, he had no manner of Business with it; But these were only Mr. *Sheepwash's* Observations.

Yet I cannot but say in deference to the Author, as being a Man of all parts of Speech, That since he has taken such great Pains to copy after *Virgil*, as I have done my self the Honour to copy after him, especially his 40 and 43d Pages; That his two Books were highly deserving the Name of *Georgies*; And if I might be thought worthy to advise poor *Jacob Tonson*, because of his great Charge and Family, if it were Ten Years before the next Edition comes out, to have a Glorious Title

X.

The Preface.

Page added to it, beginning, *Two Spick and Span new Georgies, in Imitation of Virgil, Written in Miltonian Verse*; and then I'll engage for the Sale.

But now, least it may be thought I flatter the Author, because he is a Gentleman of some Substance and Figure, having Land within a Mile of *Pernassus*, and a great *Copia Verborum* of his own to Stock it; I will put down the beginning of *Virgil's* two *Georgie's*, and let the Learned Reader compare them with the *Miltonian* ones, for Example, *Virgil* begins his First

*Quid faciat Lætæ Segetes: quo fidere terram
Vertere*—————

Georg. 1. lin. 12.

And then a little after

*Hinc canere incipiam. Vos, ô clarissima
(mundi
Lumina,*—————

Id. lin. 5, 6.
Only

The Preface.

xi.

Only our Authors *Clarissima Lumina mundi*, are the *Ariconian* Knights, and fairest Dames, and then as *Virgil* proceeds,

—————*Tuque ô cui prima frementem
Fudit equum magno tellus percussa tridenti,
Neptune :*—————

Id. lin. 12, 13.

Cyder goes on in the very same Tune,
And thou O Mostyn whose Benevolence, &c.

But certainly, after all; methinks those Gentlemen and Ladies, are very little beholding to him for paying his Debts of Charity, since *Virgil's* Gods were the first Motives to his Gratitude; yet I can hardly forbear thinking; that he raises *Encomiums* on all that Train of Nobility and Gentry, only to put himself under their Protection, and if so, he is very Extravagant; to covet such a Number of *Patrons*, when even *Virgil* and *Horace*, contented themselves with but one *Mæcenæ*s; I cannot but

B 2

take

take Notice of it, because having so many Friends to visit, he affords us but little of his Company in the *Orchat*, and and then he is in such a roving Temper, that we can hardly enjoy him above a Page or two, before he makes some other ramble, by which we may perceive the Spirit of *Cyder* is very *Volatil*; though ten to one but he justifies himself from the Authority of *Homer*, who takes up great part of his Second Book in flattering his Country-men.

Our *Author* in his Second Book still waits assiduously upon *Virgil*; but is so mannerly not to follow too close at his Heels, for *Virgil* begins his Second *Georgie*:

*Hæcænus arborum cultus, & Sidera Cæli:
Nunc te Bacche canam*—————

Geor. 2. lin. 1. 2.

But our new *Maro*, having another *Mæcenas* and his Son upon his Hands, must first Coaks a little, Nay, even there

The Preface.

xiii.

I find he is infinitely obliged to *Virgil*, for the most lively Complement or Fancy, who speaking to *Bacchus* says,

—*Tibi pampineo gravidus autumnno
Floret ager, spumat plenis vindemia labris.*

Id. lin. 5, 6.

And thus our Author accosting the young Gentleman, came by his S——
Lo ! for thee my Mill

*Now grinds choice Apples, and the British
(Vats,
Overflow with generous Cyder--* *Cyd. Fol. 51.*

Which is almost a literal Translation, only *mutatis mutandis* ; and then after telling every Body, that he has sent him the Book beyond Seas, which I suppose the young Gentleman is to make his Companion in his Travels, as *Alexander* did the Works of *Homer*, in his long March from *Macedon* to *India*, he goes on like *Virgil*.

Thus

Thus far of Trees, &c.

Id. fol. 51.

But now I shall hasten to *Milton* only I recommend the 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, and 44 Pages of his Poem, to all those Gentlemen who are knocking at the Gate of Preferment ; and if Mr. *L——y* Mr. *F——o* Sir *R——d* *B——y*, or Dr. *B——d*, are desirous to augment the Number of their Inspir'd, the Author in his 60th Page has taken care they may be supply'd with those, who are of *Times Intelligent*, and never speak but infallible Truths.

But to Conclude, and that I may anticipate all Suspicion of being too nice in my Relish, I must confess some part of the Author's Entertainment is very agreeable ; and though one Dish is ill dress'd, yet another is better, like the Table set out in *Terence*.

Hoc

The Preface.

XV.

Hoc salsum est, hoc adustum est, hoc lau-
(tum est parum,
Illud recte—————

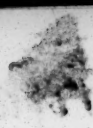
Ter.

And certainly the sportive Youth, dancing by Crowd and Bag-pipe, with Buxom Damsels darting oblique Leers, and what ensues, page 74, and 75. so tickles the imagination, that ones Blood circulates very swift upon it.

And now I commit my peevish poor POEM to the tempestuous Sea of an unconstant World ; And to the Book-feller.

Valeat quantum valere potest.

27



THE

The first of the year
has been a very
successful one.

And now that the
year is over, we
can see that the
first of the year
has been a very
successful one.

And now that the
year is over, we
can see that the
first of the year
has been a very
successful one.

It has been a very
successful one.

Milton's *Sublimity Asserted* :

I N A

P O E M

Occasion'd by a late

CELEBRATED PIECE,

Intituled, *Cyder*, a POEM, &c.

L O N G has the World impatient with Desire,
Hop'd for the Offspring of thy pregnant Brains;
When, lo! the painful Labour past, we find,
Sad Sight ! a shapeless *Embryo* produc'd :
C So

So when the Teeming *Mountains* were distress'd,
 With pungent throws of *Travail*, loud they roar'd;
 And then *Egregious Birth* ! a *Mouse* was born.

Hail ! Holy Spring, *Apollo's Helicon* ;
 And thou *Castalia*, whose Devoted Streams ;
Jove's beauteous Issue, the *Pierides*,
 Do oft revisit from the *Phocian Mount* ;
 O ! may that Heavenly *Muse* who taught to sing
 Melodious in exalted Strains, The *Man*,
 Long since ah Death ! become the Heritage,
 Of Worms and crested Snakes, and Reptile things ;
 Wait on my *Song*, whilst I proclaim his Worth.

Though *Ariconian Knights*, and *Fairest Dames*,
 (*Rich Costard-mongers* and their Wives I trow)
 Snatch with Rapacious Hands, the Immortal Bays
 From *Milton's* Garland to adorn thy Brow,

Soon

Soon shall it wither like a sickning Flower;
 Though round me *Envy* growls, and *Criticks* stand
 Like Hissing *Vipers* threatening with their Stings;
 To *Milton's* Memory, I'll raise my Voice;
 And neighbouring *Echo's* shall the same repeat.

Tell me Fam'd Bard? Why in *Miltonian* Verse
 Advent'rous? you presume to sing; In Verse
 Too exquisite, for such an abject Theme,
 Poor choice; which poorer Judgment cull'd thee out:
 Perhaps 'twas *Milton* did thy Soul inspire
 Whilst Reading on you wanton'd in Delight
 'Till Brainfick with Conceit, (worst Malady)
 You boldly did Assay to Imitate
 So *Æsop's* thoughtful *Toad* survey'd the Ox,
 Admir'd his Bulk, till he with Envy stung;
 Swell'd to look big; at last he swell'd and burst.

Far be from me, Inglorious to Correct,
 Thy Hopes aspiring to the highest flight ;
 For well I know, *Ambition* oft allures,
 The Inadvertent to the boldest Acts ;
 Such is the thirst of Honour, such the Thoughts,
 Which Fire bold *Britains* in the day of War
 Destructive ; when all view, alike to share,
 A General's Glory, and be Conquerors ;
 I only shall the Disproportion show,
 'Twixt that *Arch Poet's*, and thy lowly Muse.

Milton's was warm'd with a Celestial heat,
 Whilst thine is grip'd, and chill'd with Acid Tiff ;
 His matchless *Genius* in transcendent Layes,
 Sung the great *Anthem* of his Makers Works
 Immense of *Eden*, and the *Innocents*,
 Blest Pair ! who fell by the forbidden Fruit ;

That

That Cursed Fatal Fruit, whose damning Juice,
 Is made the Fav'rite Subject of thy Song ;
 When subtle *Thou*, by Charm of *Milton's* Name
 Delightful, play a second *Fiends* Deceit,
 To Guile the World with Interdicted Verse;
 And whilst in moving Numbers, he excites
 The Vig'rous Soul to the sublimest Thoughts ;
 Thou like a *Bankrupt* Wit, with Cheerful Ale,
 And Voice; dull as a Bag-pipes Drone, dost Buzz
 Incessant, Thy self pleasing *Madrigal*;
 Of *Shilling*, *Breeches*, and *Chimera's* Dire.

O Thou! whose Memory shall be preserv'd,
 Spight of Oblit'ring Time, from whom
 Gladly both Wise, and Otherwise seek Aid;
 Most just Interpreter of Words abstruse,
 Thou *Grand Dictator* of the Learned Race;

What thanks are due to thy Beneficence
 Freely vouchsaf, When in a Maze of things
 Inextricate, I grop'd and was perplex'd ?
 If thy unerring hand had not preven'd,
 I like a weary *Pilgrim* in the Night,
 Among rude parts of Speech had wandred yet ;
 And all those *Gallant Epithets* been lost,
 Those sure Attendants on *Pomona's* Gift :
 But when uprais'd by thee, I dare contest,
 With all th' obscurer Terms, in Prose, or Rhyme ;
 'Tis to thy Praise, I tune my Pipe afresh,
 Thy unexampl'd Labours to extol ;
 But Day, nor Night, nor sweet Approach of *Muse*,
 For that great Task suffice ; for ever reign,
 O *Littleton* ! thy Works, till time shall cease.

But

But who is he, that on the winding Stream
 Of great *Sequana* first drew vital Breath,
 Approv'd by ev'ry skilful *Pedagogue* ?
 How large his comprehensive Books, full fraught,
 With what in Days of *Tore* was much esteem'd;
 What Praise deserves the Bounty of his Hand,
 That often help'd thy unexperienc'd *Muse* ;
 When in her Infancy and yet Unskill'd ?
 Acknowledge thy own *Stephens*, and his Name
 Inscribe on every Page ; the joyful Lines
 Will fast increase, faster his just Renown.

O Fair *Oxonia* ! Source of Lit'rature ;
 Thou Seat of Learning, Throne of Arts improv'd,
 Where Wisdom's Goddess darts her lucid Rays,
 From whose diffusive Beams, all *Science* grows ;

Say

Say *Mistress* of the World ? whom the first Rank
 Of Nobler Souls to Knowledge prone Carefs ;
 If Fruits (which the *Silures* boast) could yeild
 Harmonious Descant, worthy *Milton's* Verse ;
 Bright Effluence of a Capacious Mind :
 But if thy fond Indulgence did incite
 Thy Son, our *Nomenclator*, to that Task,
 To thee the Fault, a Mothers Fault belongs :
 Thy Blandishments have spoil'd the forward Lad :
 Who then can stand secure from Injury,
 When ev'n the Prince of Poets lies expos'd ;
 When Mortals Rob thee *Milton*, of thy Bays ;
 Traduce thy Name, and then burlesque thy Muse :
 O *Virgil* ! may thy Works a better Fate
 Receive, May no Rude hand transplant thy Trees
 Prolific in a Fruitless Soil unblest.

Now, since it stands upon your own Defence,
 Say, by what Claim you wou'd succeed that Bard?
 Who at his dawning, with more Lustre shone ;

Than Thou, advanc'd to thy Meridian height ;
 Far was from him indeed, a fawning Cant,
 Under the specious shew of Gratitude ;
 His Soul disdain'd such Merchandice of Words,
 In Servile Flatt'ry, pois'ning by Perfumes.

Yet why Unfriendly should I blame a Fault,
 Which meer Necessity it self impos'd ;
 For he who dares attempt *Milsonian* Verse,
 Must Court the Great, to testifie the Deed ;
 So when one Prince, by thirst of Glory led,
 Invades another's Realm ; he wisely seeks
 For strong Alliance, to support his Cause.

But where's thy Magazine of Wit and Thought,
 The flowing Numbers of each well tun'd Line?
 Where shines the Beauty, through an Artful Dress;
 Charming the Captive Reader, whilst his Soul
 Delug'd with Pleasure, floats on Extasie?
 Such are the Graces, Paradise afford,
 Ev'n *Milton's* Paradise; where Nature, She
 With bounteous hand, threw all her Choicest store;
 And joy'd to have her Gifts so well perus'd.

He Art and Judgment, in Alliance binds;
 Nature from Force he rescues, and sets free,
 Then places *Method* an in easy Seat;
 Reflection with a solemn Pomp is grac'd,
 Whilst each Transition like some pleasing Scene,
 Commands our Wonder, and compels Delight:

If Vagrant in Digression, *Milton* roves,
 Beyond the Confines of his *Eden's* ground,
 'Tis like the *Bee*, hard Traveller on Flowers,
 For Honey Foraging to store her Hive ;
 When laden with the Amber Drops she comes
 To hoard her Riches, in their waxen Cells ;
 Each sparkling Epithet, with Vigour glows,
 And oft within a bright *Parenthesis* ;
 Instructive *Morals* gracefully appear,
 To Guard from vain *Ideas* Reasons Throne :
 His vast *Invention* unexhausted flows,
 A Thousand Beautys Reign in ev'ry Page,
 With all the Majesty of Eloquence,
 Of *Nervous Eloquence* ; so when a Silver Stream
 Transparent, glides along a pleasing Shoar ;

It's Waters add more Blessings to the Soil,
And Party-colour'd Flowr's adorn the place.

O *Milton* ! had then *Cyder* been thy Task,
The Tiny thing, had with more Substance seem'd,
Like *Insects* through a Glas which magnifies ;
Something had been display'd significant,
Thy Precepts with more Grandeur had been giv'n ;
Thy Rules more faithful, and thy Notions just ;
The Apple then, thy better Soil had lov'd,
And grown profusely with Luxurious Fruit ;
Pomona had been pleas'd, and smil'd to view,
Her Gifts Adorn'd in rich *Miltonian* Verse
Then had *Silurian Cyder* pleas'd all Tasts,
And Triumph'd o'er the best Exotic Wine.

But

But now I warn Thee, and shall always warn.
 To Circumspection strict; That no false hope
 (Ensnaring *Parasite*) betray thy Muse,
 To soar like *Icarus* beyond her Height:
 In vain, alas! for *Milton's* Bays you strive,
 When in the Feild of Learning, Lo! it stands
 The Care of *Muses*; who like *Cherubims*,
 Preserve the precious Charge from Impious Touch;
 O may'st thou (Conscious of thy Crime) repent,
 Nor lay thy spurious *Bearns* to Honest Men,
 Lest the sad Tidings of thy rash Attempt,
 Born by the Winds, swift Messengers arrive
 At *Milton's* Urn, and break up his repose;
 He oft ere Midnight Lamp's extinct, should come,
 And fright thee from thy Meditation deep;

Or when your Eyes (folicitous of rest)
Invite to sleep, He, with surprizing Gripe
Should clasp thee round, and tear thy Skeleton ;
Then Grim of Aspect, all besmear'd your Skin
VWith clotted Gore, from Throat's wide Orifice,
VVould rush Tremendous Squal ; Thus must thou
(lie
(Of Urine not retentive) fore Agast
With shiv'ring Horror ; Till some Friend ap-
(preach.

THE END.

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